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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE BRIDE OF O'LORE.

From the battlements wa'd the bright banners
Of Green,
Twas the hour when the chain of Jerna was
Given;
The night's silver regent illumined the scene,
And the stars wander'd thro' the deep sapphire of
Heaven.
The war steel yet prang'd 'mid the perils a fire,
And the falcion gleam'd high o'er the warrior's
crest,
When Jean sought the field in a bridal attire,
And a garland of shamrocks o'ershadow'd her
brow.
She sight'd her O'Loire—"My young hero," she
sigh'd,
"When I press'd thee again, O! we never will
part!"
But stretched on the turf her O'Loire she decried,
And the crimson of life had abandon'd his beard.
In the wilderness of sorrow she roll'd her blue eyes,
And tore her fine tresses of shadowy hair;
Then rais'd, like a seraph, her arms to the skies
And utter'd in madness a blasphemous pray'r.
She press'd his cold image deep clotted with gore,
And grav'd the bright spear that gleam'd by his
side;
Then sheathed in her bosom the steel of O'Loire,
And embracing the corpse of her soldier, she
died.

They were buried together in sanctified mould,
And the grave of the lovers was Liberty's grave;
For the harp, on her banners, emblaz'd in gold,
Then ceased, and forever on Erin to wave.

JERUSALEM.

TO LESLIE.

What man my modest muse say
To sin a pretty gilding lay
As that ye whil'd see light away,
My worthy fellow,
Ye're own sweet self was sure that day,
A little mellow.

Ye like nae doubt ye're rigs to run,
An' hae a sma' wee bit o' fun,
Giving a touch at like one,
Whae dead in metre,
But whence true a' beneath the sun,
Can't ye young St. Peter?

Explain his, nae my rhyming blade,
An' why yourself wad cast a shade
On any follower of the trade—
His mickle shame,
We should nae strive to make 'alraid,
The heirs o' fame.

'Tis 'gainst ourselves—to mock an' spurn,
An' va' a critic's fury burn;
We dinna ken how soon our turn
May follow next;
E'en now as down my e'en I turn,
I'm something vex'd.

Ye dinna like my "plod"—an' try
To mak' a dust o' that—tho' I
Wad simply toil 'n' shallop by,
Lest billows strike it,
But I'll nae wrangle—swim or fly,
Jist as ye like it.

I winna wrangle wi' ye, cause
I'm air o' nature's good nature's laws,
An' maist o' a' I fear the flaws
The critic tears;
My muse shaks to see the class
O' learned bears.

Ye ken the reason? Faith his plain,
They're mickle less o' her good strain,
Wad fight her fine the rhyming train,
An' peck the blossoms
Which mak' my peacock muse sae vain,
O'er her gay plumes.

An' wad I, wad I, hear to see,
The pretty feathers torn frae thee?
Nae, nae, the drape comes to my ee,
To think they'd peck
My muse—an' very like to me,
Break her poor neck.

But "Leslie," gie's a hand o' time,
An' pledge me in right merry wine,
To like a follower o' the Nine,
Wi' sang an' story;
Wha thinks his ain braw notes divine,
An' braws for glory.

Y. Y. C.

* Plod—to toil, &c.—John—Hence to toil,
to labour, &c. "on life's dull stream."

LAURA.

The rose that bloom'd upon her cheek soon died,
The lily's paleness there was left;
Her eyes with heaven's own stars which once had
shin'd,
Were of her youthful brightness bereft;
Her heart, which once love's power defied,
Too soon, alas! was by that power defied.

Where is this change in her to whom once
bowed
The noblest of Genoa's? the bravest, best,
Why is it that o'er her bright sky, the cloud
Of sorrow and misfortune now doth rest?
And the who once in beauty mov'd so proud,
Shuns the gay circle which her presence blest.

'Tis not the Laura that I knew, when she
Was e'en the gayest of the gay;
Whose angel voice in gentle melody,
Would steal, as 'twere, the trumpet's soul away;
Or through the mazy dance, would sylph-like flee,
As tho' she scorn'd the path where mortals
stray.

Twas love that wou'd the change—an humble
boy,
In manly beauty form'd, did win the heart

Of her who nobles scorn'd; 'tis was the joy
To be beloved—and now 'tis feels the smart
Which seldom heals, which often doth destroy—
Deep is the wound—envenom'd is the dart.

But ah! Fate will it, that she ne'er should weel
With him on whom her ardent soul was bent;
His country call'd and he to battle fled—
Left the gay hall to slumber in the tent;
Too soon, alas! to slumber with the dead,
For he on death or victory was bent.

At length the day of battle did arrive,
The Moslem did his crescent banner wave,
With Christian women fiercely did they strive;
No power could the young Alonzo save;
The savage for the contest onward drive,
And rear'd his banner o'er his youthful grave.

And Laura mourns her brave though humble
chief,
Nought can give comfort to her stricken breast;
Pleasure, or song, affords her no relief,
It fails to give the hapless maiden rest:
Deep is her wound, and lasting is her grief
For him who slumbers with the brave and blest.

SELM.

THE MORALIST.

EVENING.

The effulgence of the sun is no longer wit-
ness'd, his last rays having faded; the ver-
dant landscape, and he has now retired beyond
the western mountains. The moon with mas-
tastic beauty and brightness, maintains her
ceaseless course, and guides the wanderer to
his home. The twinkling stars, decorating
the canopy above, and sparkling with un-
diminished splendor, speak forth the wisdom
of the great Original. All nature breathes a
solemn adieu to the departing day; silence
pervades the earth; and intelligent beings
may now pause to contemplate with those hal-
lowed feelings which the auspicious period in-
spires, the glories of their Creator, the wis-
dom and beauty of all his works. This sacred
hour is peculiarly adapted to awaken feelings
of gratitude; to inspire the heart with holy
love; to animate our hopes, and guide to vir-
tue. Man is the only intelligent creature that
inhabits the globe; the only being who can
admire and love his Creator. How exalted
his rank! How noble his existence!

There are moments in life, in which we are
led to contemplation; there is a time when the
past is recalled; when the future is anticipat-
ed. That time is evening; perhaps when we
sit by the burning taper, or when by moon-
light, we range the fertile fields.

"Oh, have I paid, when evening's silent hour,
To thought and to the stars, a debt of duty?
With luxuries, seemed to say were mine.
Evening outlives every other hour in time.
The day is passed, with all its perplexities
and cares; nought is present to disturb the
tranquil breast; and we are permitted to en-
joy the sacred sweets which memory awakens.
And though it may not always be pleasing to
reflect on the past, still it is profitable. The
present will be appreciated, the future pre-
pared for. The morning and noonday of life
may pass unheeded; but the evening of ex-
istence will come, and it may beam with hope
—we should improve life as it passes.

Pleasures of Religion.—If a man can find no
enjoyment except when directly engaged in
seeking his own happiness, his pleasures must
be necessarily limited, as well as selfish. But
if, with the love of God and the love of man
in his heart, he takes delight in render-
ing others happy, his sources of pleasure
must be abundant and perpetual. To culti-
vate a spirit of benevolence is at once then
our interest and our duty. "Look not every
man on his own things," says the benevolent
apostle, "but every man also on the things of
others. Remember the words of the Lord
Jesus, how he said, it is more blessed to give
than to receive." Remember the exigencies
of the poor, of the friendless, of the afflicted,
and of the ignorant; and connect with their
miseries their claims, their claims on your
compassion, your time, and your property.
Think how many of your fellow creatures
with natural susceptibilities of delight not in-
ferior to your own, are altogether strangers to
your happiness, and destitute of the moral
and divinely prescribed means of discovering
the way to its attainment! Are not myriads
perishing for lack of knowledge? Are you not
in possession of the treasures of Divine truth,
by which they may become "wise unto sal-
vation, and happy through an unchanging
eternity?" Remember that he who winnets
souls, to the paths of peace and glory, is by
the highest authority, "wise;" he is wise in
seeking for himself and for others, the hap-
piness of immortality; for they who are thus
wise, shall hereafter shine with the bright-
ness of the firmament, and they that turn
many to righteousness, as the stars forever
and ever."

CHARACTER OF AN HONEST MAN.

"Honesty is the best policy. It is the poor man's estate
and the rich man's glory." Old Proverb.

An honest man is the wisest man; for by
his "policy" he secures himself, and benefits
those with whom he has transaction. He is
the best man; for his tongue, thought, and
actions, constitute a just harmony. He is the
richest man; for a good conscience, which he
always preserves, is the choicest of treasures.
He is the strongest of men; for true honesty
or manly integrity, can never be conquered,
either with threats or promises. "Come
wind or sun, come fire or flood, his plain de-
termination is, to do what is right." He is a
true friend, a charitable enemy, a moral citi-
zen, a good husband, a tender father, and a
kind master. What is bad, he condemns, as
well in himself as others. He speaketh evil
of nobody; but when he hears any one dis-
commending, he endeavors to recollect what is
commendable in him, and if he knows noth-
ing favorable in his character, he praises him
and is silent. He may receive an injury, but
he cannot revenge it. He may repeat a prom-
ise, but he cannot break it, although he may
lose by its performance. His hands are in the
world, but his heart is out of it. He is
pure as fire; serene as air; supple as water,
and lowly and fruitful as the earth. His losses
enrich him; his afflictions rejoice him; and his
mortifications comfort him. His diet is tem-
perance; his apparel decency; his trade peace
making; his study forgiveness; his patri-
mony, eternal felicity. The Deity is his
father; religion, his mother; truth his friend;
charity, his company; justice, his practice;
honour, his reward; and sincerity his spouse.
His children are complacency, good humour,
love and confidence. His brethren and kin-
dred are angels and good men. He is firm as
a rock of the ocean, bold as a lion, mild as a
lamb, wise as a serpent, harmless as a dove,
constant as a turtle, and—rare as a phoenix!

LITERARY REMINISCENCE.

There is formed in the breast of man a laud-
able desire for improvement. This is mani-
fest in the regret which comes over the soul
for the mispent hours of youth, and in that in-
quisitive curiosity which awakens us to an
earnest attention to the objects presented to
our view. In the fields of nature there is a
fountain to allay man's thirst for knowledge.
The world is but a theatre, and the restless
genius can play out its thousand move-
ments. For notwithstanding nature has spread
her fruitful blessings around us, she has not
given them ready for our immediate use. The
materials for erecting and adorning the habi-
tations of man are found wherever he wanders,
but not already rising in the form of the
superb palace, or the elegant mansion; the
wide sea rolls around the earth, but nature
has launched no ships upon its waters, she
has left that for the ardent energies of man
to perform. Was every wonder in creation
made known, was every problem solved, all
that pleasure which is derived from tread-
ing the flowery path of knowledge would be lost;
grey hairs would no longer be a crown of wis-
dom, for man would know as much when he
waked in the world as when he waked in
eternity. Why shall we not be roused to in-
tellectual exertion? When in the laboratory
of nature there are a thousand enigmas to un-
ravel, a thousand secrets to detect; when the
man who can draw forth only a few of these
from the concealment in which they are wrap-
ped is eulogized by mankind as their glorious
benefactor, and entitled to a seat in the tem-
ple of fame! Why shall we not awake? When
we reflect that men who have possessed the
highest capacities of intellect, in their violent
yearnings after correct principles, have over-
reached the bounds which they sought, have
been bewildered by the phantasms of a delir-
ious brain, while others of far less ability
have discovered the truths which they did
not find by following a simple, practical, and
thorough system. Knowledge is the mighty
lever of mind; it makes the elements slaves
to man, and has transformed this earth from a
dark wilderness to smiling fields and wide-
spreading kingdoms! What is the divinity
without knowledge? His omnipotence would be
unknown even to himself, and his omni-
potence, wherever it should fall, would descend
with a crushing and deadening weight. If a
man cultivates his mental powers only for his
own refinement he will be gloriously useless;
he will be a wit without a will, a talker with-
out a doer, a noisy idler, or a noisy dreamer;
he will be a man of letters, but not a man of
the world. Not he can retire at any time to
the chambers of his soul and bask in silent
reverence to the glorified geniuses of times
as they throng around him. Travelling in
imagination to other climes he beholds like
the wonders of improvement, and the ruthless
ravages of time. Roaming through the extent
of other countries, now he sits on the banks
of the Tiber and contemplates the ruin of all
that but yesterday was renowned, magnifi-
cent and noble; now standing on the shores
of Arabia he starts with indelible horror at
the heaped-up bones of the human race, the ghastly
features of the Arabian, whose heart is harder
than the rocks that hang over him, or listens
to the wild and plaintive song of the Indian
who drops his harp for a moment upon the still
lake that is sleeping amid the silence of na-
ture. Whether he sits with royal counsellors,
to deliberate upon the weighty measures of
monarchy, or walks the lowly vale of poverty,
his authority will be respected, for he has
imbued his soul with lasting gifts, and held
fervent converse with the worthies of ancient
ages.

There is a novelty attached to the objects
that surround us that has never been sketch-
ed, and although we rise with delight from
the glowing pages of Homer, admire the bril-
liant decorations of Virgil, and reverence the
lofty sublimity of Longinus; although we are
charmed with their bright and animated im-
ages, yet there is opened to the eye of
every one of mankind a volume that excites
more enduring associations—I mean the
volume of nature. From this volume all writ-
ers have transcribed; and if after looking
upon its contents we could describe our emo-
tions and make others feel them, we should be
immortal. What a consolation to the de-
spending adventurer, to reflect, that all the
men that ever have lived, or ever will, can-
not pencil all its beauties, that grace number-
able clusters of objects that surround him
that have not yet been sketched. In his am-
bitious progress the delights of friendship will
not be wanting, for although there are many
in the literary world who would look with the
serpent eye of envy upon the budding prom-
ises of the young aspirant, and dip their pen
in the gall of calumny to blot his name from
the world, yet there are also many who would
extend the hand of kindness to draw him to a
protecting bosom. Amid the hours of despair-
ing solitude the reflection will cheer him, that
if he has arrived at mediocrity he is above
thousands, and if to eminence above ten thou-
sands. What an effect has even a single man
upon the world. From the breast of Homer,
a mere individual, emanated those strains that
have vibrated o'er the earth, and thrilled
through the breast of every son of science;
while every word of Junius rang an awful
knell through a pale and silent court. If one's
works are durable, if with a true hand he has
drawn the outlines of his faculties that shake
the human breast, or has painted in its proper
hue the scenery that blooms around him, he
will be admired by a circle of readers that
widens, and widens, throughout every rank of
society.

Every incentive which can animate, every
temptation which can allure, is held forth to
the literary champion to brace his soul against
the disappointments which press against it—
Does he, while yet a youth, amid the stillness
of midnight converse with the spirits of de-
parted sages, and yet amid this application
find no indications of a master-genius flash
from his brow, neither in his younger days
did Newton, but his name is inscribed upon
the pillars of the universe. Does he feel the
cold hand of poverty pressing heavily upon
his heart? So did Franklin, but his name is
written with lightning upon the frame of hea-
ven. Does he hear the arrows of malice, envy
and detraction, whizzing around him? Let
him consult the past for the consequences of
literary persecution, let him ask a Socrates, a
Galilee, and a Byron, and their immortal spirits
will point with one hand to the consummate
overthrow of their enemies, and with the other
the Golden Tablets of their renown, reflect-
ing upon a glowing world, the dazzling rays of
their undying glory. He who shuts his ears
against the syren tones of pleasure and spurns
the fascinating, and spangled embellishments
of luxury will at last be crowned by the meed
of honorable distinction. How few of those
whose names are enrolled upon the list of
fame that would be blessed by nature with the ad-

vantages of birth, affluence and friends. How
often far were they the children of sorrow
and the companions of misfortune. The per-
sistent would arrive at gigantic attainments
in literature, and so far from the goal of the
vulgar, and in a moment of applause when he
is caressed and flattered by admirers, let him
beware, that because they honor him, lest he so-
bet as to incur the censure of awkwardness, and
still farther to gain their good opinion should
comply with their fashionable views. He must
shake off the slumber of luxury, and the tor-
por of indolence—if he would clamber up the
steep and rugged precipice of the hill of fame.
If his soul is flattered with ambitious goals
let him travel back to antiquity, and walk
among the illustrious spirits of ancient times,
and while they invite him to the seats of vir-
tue, literature and science, let him rush for-
ward to seize the prize that glitters before
him, and if by falls, better to fall like the
shooting star, whose radiance is attested by
the darkness that follows its setting splendor,
than like the ignis fatuus, rising from the
grave of corruption, to hover awhile amid
swamps and quagmires, then sink forever.

QUINTUS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PLEASURE.

Pleasure is a phantom which we all eagerly
grasp after, but often, very often find nothing
but a shadow, which in various forms betrays
its votaries and is seized as of inestimable
value, which, when it is purchased proves
mostly if not always a bitter thing—in the pur-
suit of pleasure we are all actuated by differ-
ent motives, but all eventually conduce to the
same point. The man of fortune flies after it
to dispossess himself of those blessings with
which by a kind and gracious providence he
has been so greatly blessed—on the other
hand we again find those who enjoy a suffi-
cient competency reaching after pleasure, not
only for more self gratification but to
make themselves appear greater than reality,
those who enjoy such pleasures at their ex-
pense are to be laughed at those who have
been so easily duped—there are plenty to be
found professing a most tender friendship,
but when they come to be tried in distress, will pass
and forget all former obligations. The poor
man seeks after pleasure as a relief from toil,
thinks it enough at his first entrance into it to
enjoy, as he supposes, occasional recreations;
but unless guarded against with a firmness
seldom to be found, he finds it fast gaining
upon him, and his existence eventually seems
to depend upon taking it, which sooner or
later, if rashly sought after, will prove a curse.
The real gratification of pleasure is, enjoying
it in such bounds as after the enjoyment
pleasure may be found mingled with real hap-
piness. How often is it that our greatest plea-
sures are unexpectedly got, and when such is
the case the enjoyment is rendered doubly by
the unlooked for gratification; our after
thoughts are of a more pleasing kind than
those which follow a long expected enjoy-
ment. In the pursuit of enjoyment we should
always endeavor to be governed by reason,
and not by passion, which is a guide who will
knowingly blind themselves to what they con-
ceive to be wrong and will fall eventually
in their pursuit.

A SOLDIER'S FAITH.

Never shall I forget their trial—earth
seems contained aught more lovely than Ma-
ria, as she passed the portal of the village
church, and hastened to escape the admiring
gaze of the rustic crowd. Maria was barely
eighteen; the light of beauty danced in her
deep blue eyes; but on this, her bridal morn-
ing, she wore a look more than half its
brightness, and the snowy veil which fell over
her auburn tresses, was not paler than her
cheek. I had loved her ere I left my father's
roof; but I had no patrimony except a proud
name and a soldier's fortunes; and Maria was
a prize too great for one so portionless.

Looked upon her bridegroom—every feature
replete with manly beauty, and each well-
defined limb might have formed a study for
the fastidious sculptor; and yet I gazed upon
him till my heart swelled almost to bursting,
and I turned once more to look upon Maria,
and wished that they had chosen her another
husband. Never shall I forget that dark, deep,
earth-turned eye, or the laughing lip with its
triumphant and fearless smile! I left my native
village; I signed not one farewell to Maria—
After her marriage we feared to meet: she
felt that I loved her, and her own heart, more
stubborn than her nature, resisted even yet
the harsh mandate of an unyielding parent.
She knew it, and she shrank not from her
duty. Again I left my home and the sun of
Spain darkened my brow, and her was nerv-
ed my spirit to greater daring; but I retired
from her haughty daughters with a sickening
soul, for I thought of Maria, and her fatal des-
tiny, and I clung to her remembrance as if
my hopeless truth could in aught avail her.

Years sped on, and my heart yearned to re-
visit the home of my childhood—the birth-
place of my first hopes: I trod its path with
a firm step, but the sun-ray which glaced
me in the home of my fathers, rested on the
scarred features of a war-scarred soldier; I
shrank from the reflection—"Should Maria
now look on me, how would she deem me
changed?" It was a foolish thought, and in
the next moment I blushed for its conception.
My stay was brief, yet, ere I again became
a wanderer, I once more beheld Maria: she
had been the mother of two blooming boys,
but they had withered, like roses devoured
by the foul worm which feasts on beauty. I
saw her look, too, a pale voice of mourning
was replete with many beauty, and each well-
defined limb might have formed a study for
the fastidious sculptor; and yet I gazed upon
him till my heart swelled almost to bursting,
and I turned once more to look upon Maria,
and wished that they had chosen her another
husband. Never shall I forget that dark, deep,
earth-turned eye, or the laughing lip with its
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my hopeless truth could in aught avail her.

their voices, and I stood by in silence, and only
asked to perish.

We left the fair land of fame and conquest,
and I bade adieu to my fellow-soldiers forever,
then pressed around me with generous warmth,
and besought my stay, but I was resolute and
a wretched man, and their words were those
of courtesy and compassion! There is a spell
in the thought of home! "I will return home
and die," I murmured: "it was a vain idea, for
my father was in his grave, my sister wedded
in a foreign land—I was alone; but Maria
dwelt near the spot where I had once been
happy, and her proximity was a resting-
place for the wounded spirit. But even that
link in the chain of existence was
unwittingly Maria had drooped beneath the
withering breath of sickness; she slept in the
cold ground. I hurried to the church-
yard; two marble tombs gleamed pale in the
moonlight—they shrouded the ashes of her
lovely babes; but her own grave was obscure
and unlettered, and the rank grass which cov-
ered it waved darkly to the night-breeze,
like heart-plumes. She had filled a lowly,
but not a forgotten resting place; and I cast
myself on the neglected grave, and I plucked
from it every bitter weed, and trimmed the
long dark grass; and I shed no tear as I per-
formed the mournful duty—Maria was at
peace; she slept with her children. Ere I
left the spot, my eye fell on the medal which
hung at my breast; it hurried to the church-
yard; two marble tombs gleamed pale in the
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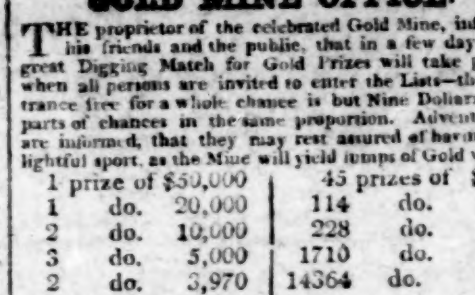
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1. I sound in the world, and am heard in the
gale.
In the billows I dwell, tho' confined to the
gale.
In things I shine, in the clouds I am seen,
Without me the world would never have been:
Tho' I've never been in heaven, with angels
I dwell,
Tho' I've never been in sin, yet my home is
in hell.
I live not in water, fire, earth, nor in air;
But yet in the elements still I appear.
In the hearts of the belles I triumphantly
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As you value your joy, let me dwell in the
plain.
My figure appears in the planets above,
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I am seen in the head of the fish and hump,
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calm.

2. I never had wings, yet am swift as a dart;
I never had arms, yet can injure the heart;
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him absent from the shop, they concluded to
go to the house, having reached the door,
said one to the other, "Come, Hans, you
about de smit?" "Nain, nain," said the other,
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of the country, the poor fellow knew not what
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ed them, and in two hours afterwards he was
in triumph. Some officers of the 7th regi-
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The Irishman replied, "By St. Patrick,
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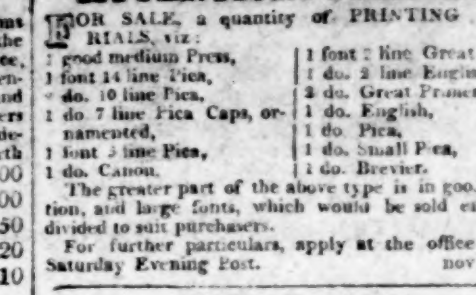
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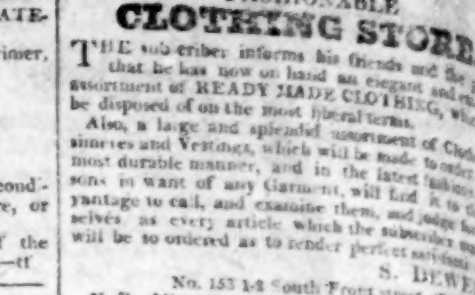
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